**La Belle et la Bête**

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# La Belle et la Bête

by Romulus_Roy


Summary

Hannibal Lector and his wife are visiting her wealthy family in New Orleans for the summer. Will Graham is a young fisherman that works at the docks and delivers fresh fish to their mansion. Hannibal becomes... obsessed.


Notes

See the end of the work for notes

# Beau Garçon

Soft freckles across tanned skin. Unruly curls that shone golden in the summer sun. Of course, Hannibal stared. He stared when his wife wasn't watching, and he stared when she was, downing her afternoon glass of Malbec. He stared when everyone else was in the room, and he stared when no one was there at all.

Hannibal and his wife had traveled from their home in Italy to visit some of her extended family in Audubon, one of the wealthiest suburban residential areas in New Orleans. Hannibal had been wealthy himself, having practiced medicine in Europe for decades now, and so he was no stranger to the lavish lifestyle of his in-laws: a multi-million dollar mansion, maids, drivers, cooks, servants to fetch groceries – the Fourniers had it all.

But most importantly, they had fish.

Fresh fish, delivered on weekdays and occasionally weekends, straight from the docks on the other side of the city. Fish delivered by a boy that Hannibal undressed with his eyes nearly every day, right there in the Fourniers' kitchen.

Hannibal had overheard one of the cooks calling him over through a backdoor, once. "Par ici, garçon. Sur le comptoir." He didn't speak the language fluently, but he spoke it enough to understand. He spoke it enough to want to whisper things into the boy's ear - make the color flush from his face.

He had to be careful. Tiptoe. Watch. Wait. The boy was skittish. Quick. He did his job, in and out, back to the docks. He didn't linger to talk to the staff, he didn't try to smooth-talk tips from the madames. He kept his gaze down, his mouth shut, and his mind to his own business. But Hannibal could see those wheels turning.

It had been weeks now, and the staring had not gone unnoticed. At first, the boy had avoided any and all eye contact. He'd come into the home smelling of fish, dropped off his shipment, listened to the madame of the home tell him what she wanted for the next day, and then went off on his way. But he couldn't avoid eye contact forever. Hannibal had stared holes into the back of the boy's head until, eventually - he'd glanced back. Fleeting, quick glances, like a rabbit that had accidentally caught sight of a wolf. The corners of the boy's lips had twitched into the smallest frowns, color flooding into his face, displaying across his cheeks. He didn't want it. Didn't want the attention, didn't want to be.. Perceived. He didn't want to be grabbed by his curls and bent over the kitchen counter - not even in Hannibal's mind.

But he was, time and time again. Such a pretty thing. So easy to observe, yet so difficult to unwrap. All Hannibal needed was a moment. A moment in time where they'd be alone, if only for just a few minutes, where he could just… approach.

And he sat in a chair in the empty kitchen - the cooks away, the maids away, his wife away, setting up some event in the garden. He sat, elbows rested on his knees, hands clasped gingerly, eyes trained on the back door, waiting. Waiting for his beautiful boy.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will makes another delivery. Hannibal makes contact. Their first conversation ensues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal could hear the boy coming before he could see him. He'd know those footsteps anywhere. He'd know them in the dark.

It was haddock today, with a bundle of fresh-caught mussels and clams. If he had any less reserve, he would've ripped the bags out of the boy's hands and dragged him into the pantry by the front of his shirt. It was almost as if the other had known Hannibal would be waiting there, lurking, because their glances met immediately - piercing blue finding hazel. The boy's gaze flickered away as quickly as it had met Hannibal's, his attention now fixated absently in front of him as he started settling his delivery onto the countertop. Hannibal broke the silence soon-after, his voice quiet. Pensive.

"Good morning." A brief pause, and after no reply- "That's quite a big bundle you've got today, isn't it?"

Again, silence. Not so much as a glance, as the boy began emptying the contents of one of the bags. He smelled of fish. Hannibal wondered momentarily if he tasted of fish, too.

"Mm." Another small pause, his eyes fixated on the nape of the boy's neck. "Ne parle pas Anglais?"

Nothing. Nothing at all. Just the quiet din of the home, quick hands emptying a small bag of muscles into a container. And so, he continued, if only to himself.

"I should have gotten the door for you. You've had a long trip, hm? Then another ahead of you, back to the docks. Do you live near there? Do you stay with family?"

The boy's jaw clenched suddenly, and Hannibal refrained. Waited. He'd play cat and mouse all summer if he had to.

It was the other that broke the silence this time. Just as quiet - not as pensive. Curt.

"I spoke to your madame this morning. She told me not to come tomorrow."
That sickly-sweet rasp, drizzled with a hint of southern Creole. Hannibal wanted to milk it out of him, if only in conversation.

“Did she?” His gaze melted down the boy’s spine, unashamedly mapping out the landscape of his ass, his thighs. He was in dirty trousers, and Hannibal wanted to shove them down, out of the way. “She’s never been partial to fish,” he offered an empty shell of a reply, his mind occupied elsewhere. So was the boy’s, by the looks of it. His gaze shifted momentarily to a label on one of the bags. “Graham. Is that a family name?”

“Mm.”

Fitting. Hannibal licked at his lips to wet them, straightening his posture and sitting back in his seat. “Where will you be tomorrow? If you won’t be here.”

The boy was quiet as he finished setting up his containers, stepping aside to turn on the sink, rinse his hands, back still turned toward the Hannibal - until he’d reached down to dry his hands off on a towel, finally turning to face the older gentleman, his expression stone-cold, their gazes locked. “She’s very pretty, monsieur. She could do with some company.” And in the next few moments, he was gathering his empty bags and heading right back out through the back door, and Hannibal was left there in the kitchen, alone. Alone, straining against his trousers, committing every inch of his sweet boy to memory.

/Graham./

Chapter End Notes

I was seriously so freakin' overjoyed by the support after just the first chapter, even though it was super tiny! The comments seriously warmed my heart and inspired me so much to keep going - so here's part 2! I really hope you enjoyed it if you read this far, please feel free to drop a comment, they make my day fr. And again, thanks so much for the support, I appreciate you!

End Notes

Thank you so much for giving my first fic a read! This is the first fanfic I have ever worked on, and I have so many plans for this storyline. Please, please don't feel shy to comment, it would make my day to hear what you think so far! If you have any wishes or suggestions, totally feel free to let me know!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!